

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

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Note and Comment

That a change in the premiership of the province was a certain event of the near future has been recognized for two months past. It is unnecessary to refer at any length to the succession of incidents which arose to weaken the administration. That the campaign against it was very skillfully engineered no one will question. Almost without warning the storm broke over the heads of Mr. Rutherford and his colleagues. It was a situation of a character which few leaders have had to face. Looking back at it even from this distance, and with the facts bearing on the controversy more clearly established than they were then, one must wonder that such a stampede as reduced the government's majority to so serious an extent was at all possible. But the Saturday News is quite convinced that from the moment the first division was taken and the administration was sustained by a majority of eight votes, it would have steadily gained strength but for the as yet inexplicable action of the premier in opening up negotiations with Mr. Cushing in the hope of having him return to the fold. The ex-minister did not accept the overtures and the premier lost his principal supporter, the Attorney-General, who had had to bear the brunt of the attack from the moment that fighting commenced. Mr. Cross had absolutely no alternative but to take the course that he did and it was only at the solicitation of the majority of the members of the House that he returned and enabled the government to remain in office. But the arrangement could only be of a temporary character. No one suggested that the premier's tenure of power, after this incident, could be of any long duration. It was only to last while the judicial enquiry was in progress and time had been given to consider plans of reorganization. These have now been brought to a head and the Chief Justice of the province, Hon. A. L. Sifton, has resigned that post and been entrusted with the task of forming a government, Mr. Rutherford having handed in his resignation to the Lieutenant-Governor on Thursday morning of this week.

The circumstances under which Mr. Rutherford retires must arouse keen regret. Under a non-party system he would have been a great success. This was practically in force during the life of the first legislature, and he and his colleagues were able to carry on a great work for the province, the effect of which on our future can hardly be overestimated. In every field of its activity they have had splendid results to their credit and the way has been prepared for growth along the most progressive lines. That in the game of party politics he was not equal to the emergency that confronted him may count with some people for a great deal at the present time, but when, after the heat of present conflict has passed off, when we are able to survey the first few years of the province's history with something of the outlook of the historian, this failure on his part will hardly be remembered, while what he accomplished in the way of starting the government of this province off in the right direction will stand to his lasting credit. Into his retirement Mr. Rutherford should carry with him the best wishes of the great body of Albertans.

As to the new premier, the people of the province have had ample opportunities of testing his qualifications. He has been a judge after the people's own heart. It has been by the constant exercise of sound, practical instincts that he has made a success of his tenure on the Bench. Politics comes to him naturally, and there are those who have all along believed that if he were given the opportunity, he would as speedily forge to the front as did his brother, the late Minister of the Interior. His training in the government of the territories will stand him in good stead and that he will prove a strong leader, in every sense of the word, the Saturday News has complete confidence.

The season's crop is far from the all-absorbing topic of conversation that it becomes in another two or three months, and it is idle to count too strongly on how fit is likely to turn out. But it is certain that at the present stage, prospects could hardly be better. This the first report of the department, issued during the past week, makes clear.

The season opened early and, while some damage was done by drought in the southern winter wheat areas, it has evidently not been as serious as at first thought, and the abundant rains that have fallen since the middle of the month have relieved

such anxiety as existed on account of lack of moisture. The department estimates the increase in acreage as no less than 27 per cent. But it must be remembered that last year there was a tremendous crop of oats. The significant figures are those dealing with the wheat acreage. Despite the damage referred to, winter wheat shows a 26 per cent. increase, while spring wheat shows no less than 51 per cent. When it is considered the yield per acre in 1909 was below the average, it is not too much to hope, with present prospects, the total yield for the province will show a much larger increase than the acreage.

The action of the Minister of the Interior in refusing Mr. A. O. Wheeler of Calgary permission to conduct the Alpine Club's outing this summer as he has done in other years has resulted in his resignation of his post with the Topographical Survey. In Mr. Wheeler the department loses a most valuable servant, a man who has done probably more than all others combined to make the charm of the Canadian Rockies known to the world at large. In connection with the Alpine Club he has

violet ribbon as appropriate mourning for royalty. This would be correct. Why our schools should be deliberately made hideous with black because an honorable public career has come to its natural close in all peace and fulfilment and with a cheerful memory is not apparent to any healthy-minded person.

Mr. Shaw puts the case well, and what he says applies to the whole custom of going into mourning. Why anybody, as his life draws to a close, should be comforted by the thought that those near and dear to him will go about in clothes of the most sombre color and subject themselves to puritanical modes of life which are quite unnatural to them and which they relinquish with pleasure just as soon as the period prescribed by custom is over, is a mystery. No altogether healthy-minded person should wish for this. Certainly few will believe that a man like the late king, full of the joy of living as he was, would have wished his subjects to be put to loss and inconvenience on his account. We ought to recognize that it is not those who go about with a gloomy face who necessarily feel a bereavement the most keenly.

Their Majesties and the Heir Apparent



King George V., Queen Victoria Mary and Prince Edward of Wales, Duke of Cornwall

done most valuable public service and it looks like a piece of unpardonable shortsightedness to have taken the step which led to his retirement from the government employ.

In the old land, a number of large firms have ordered their employees to buy mourning clothes, as a mark of respect to the memory of the late sovereign. Many schools are enforcing a similar regulation among their pupils. Many protests are heard and the subject is being given a wide discussion. George Bernard Shaw, the dramatist, in a letter to the "Times" writes: "Take the case of a man with a profession or business from which he has a few hundred pounds a year, with three daughters at the nearest high school. The school is compelled to go in mourning. The dresses provided for the season have to be discarded and new black dresses bought. To a court official it may be inconceivable that so trifling an expense should be a hardship to any one."

"The remedy is to drop the vague expression 'decent mourning' and to define the wearing of a

The Lethbridge Herald says:

"Party politics must exist in Alberta, in fact, it is the only safe course to adopt. Non-party and coalition governments have been tried in British Columbia and New Brunswick and found very much wanting. British Columbia or New Brunswick wouldn't return to the old system by any means. Party government has its faults, but it is superior to non-party government. Party government, conducted by men with progressive ideas and a desire to serve the public, fits in best. Take, for instance, the labor legislation in this province. It could not have been passed if the government had not got behind it and urged all its supporters to support it as a party measure. Had the members of the legislature been left to use their own free will in the matter the legislation would not have been passed. The Herald has no sympathy with any movement for non-party government in this province. Let either the Liberal or Conservative party rule."

The Herald's view is one which has been frequently stated on this page, and it is well to have

it reiterated. With politics in a somewhat uncertain state as they are at present in the province, we need above everything else a stable government and this is only possible where party lines are drawn. Theoretically there may appear something wrong about such a state of affairs. But experience is a safer guide than theory and where party anarchy exists there can be little progress. It is thus a matter of no little concern when either of the two great political organizations becomes so weakened as to be ineffective.

The militiamen of Alberta will have the opportunity next month of passing under the inspection of one of the great soldiers of the Empire, Sir John French, who will visit the camp at Calgary. He should be distinguished from Sir George French, with whom he has been frequently confused, the latter having been the first Commissioner of the North-West Mounted Police. A military man who has followed the career of Canada's present visitor closely writes as follows:

In South Africa General French came into his own. Many a reputation found a grave-yard during the war. His found a cradle and a nursery and thrived. He is of the cavalry, and though it was a terrible country for cavalry to work in, there among the kopjes, he handled his men in a manner that brought him to the fore before the struggle was over. His name first came before the public during the great manoeuvres on Salisbury Plain in 1898. He made an ideal cavalry leader, brilliant, resourceful and dashing, rather a sort of Sheridan. He is described as being coldly persistent, energetic, cautious and cautious.

During the early part of the war he was associated with Sir George White around Ladysmith. At Elands-laagte, one of the earliest battles, he commanded the troops and led them to victory. He was sent to prevent the Orange Free Staters from entering Cape Colony, and he succeeded. There was skirmishing at all times during the last months of 1899, and he commanded in several important engagements. Most of these were successful, though a certain night attack on Colenso is remembered as an error that ended disastrously.

The star of General French shone brightest when the word was flashed around the Empire that the siege of Kimberley had been raised, and that it was General French, who, commanding the advance detachment, had forced him way through and had brought relief to the besieged. His ability was recognized, and his advance was rapid.

He commanded the cavalry division of Lord Roberts' forces in the advance on Pretoria, and from that was advanced to the command of the left wing. During the remainder of the war he was quite prominent and did much in the cleaning up that occurred during the last few months.

General French was born at Ripple Vale, Kent, in 1852, the son of Captain French, of the Royal Navy. In 1866 he joined Her Majesty's ship "Britannia," and served four years as a naval cadet and midshipman. In 1874 he entered the 8th Hussars, but was later transferred to the 19th, of which regiment he is now Colonel. He first saw action in the Sudan in 1884, and was under fire at Abu Klea, Gubat and Metemneh. He commanded his regiment from 1889 to 1893, and for the next year was Assistant Adjutant-General of cavalry. He was made Brigadier-General to command the second cavalry brigade and then transferred as temporary major-general to the first cavalry brigade at Aldershot. From there he went to South Africa.

The Toronto Globe contained this unusually interesting extract from its file of fifty years ago under date of May 19th:

"Again has a great American party rejected the chief exponent of its principles to adopt an inferior and less known man as its candidate for the Presidency. Abraham Lincoln, a lawyer, resident in the town of Springfield, in the State of Illinois, has been nominated by the Republican convention on the third ballot. Mr. Seward, the great man of the party, and who had at the commencement a larger number of friends than any other individual, was set aside for one who has served but a single term in Congress, and never was distinguished as a leader."

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(Continued on Page Eight.)

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"Come to me, O ye children!"

For I hear you at my play;

And the questions that perplexed

me

Have vanished quite away.

Ye are better than all the ballads

That ever were sung or said;

For ye are living poems,

And all the rest are dead."

"The Boy and I are deep in the mysteries of Kingsley's 'Water-Babies.' I read aloud to him, not that the Boy can't read himself, and very well too, but he finds that by my doing the reading he understands the little side-dissertations better, while I, through his quaint interpolations, and long sighs of satisfaction, read new meaning in this delightful fairy tale for good little land babies.

"Come read me my riddle, each good little man,
If you cannot read it, no grown-up folk can."

quotes Kingsley in his dedication, a couplet which each day I am finding contains in a nut-shell a whole world of truth.

Often when we come to puzzling parts, or to whole paragraphs of seemingly arrant nonsense, I pause in the story, to hear the Boy's idea of what this whimsical author had in mind.

Boys know a great deal more than grown-ups. Every parent knows that. So it isn't a very sensible thing to tell a boy off when he starts to tell his "thinks" aloud, even though you happen to be busy at the time.

There were a lot of things in "Water Babies" that the Boy knew about and I didn't, so you can see the advantage of the two of us reading together. I was supposed, of course, to furnish some information or explanations on my own account, but then at the very beginning he and I decided that we'd skip the Latin phrases, and the big names that didn't mean anything to us, so there really wasn't anything in the end for me to do but just read straight ahead.

Truly, this wee lad is passionate after dreams and unconcerned about realities. It didn't surprise him in the least, for instance, that Tom could devote into a water-baby. He knew "of sort of things like 'els' himself, had watched them playing in the water." Ellie's transmigration into a water-baby was a perfectly natural process; while his exclamation of delight at finding the dear little baby on the black bulk of a shipwrecked boat, and of seeing the cradle with its tiny freight sink down, down, down to the bottom of the sea, was only a beautiful experience. No thought of drowning or death or sorrow attached to the incident.

His whole attention has been riveted on Tom and the glorious experiences that were his, when he shuffled off his little black chimney-sweep skin, and became an adorable, bouncing pink water baby.

Night after night, as we have sat and lost ourselves with the lobster

in the pot, with Ellie, and following the pranks and experiences of the Water Babies, when the hour was getting late, and we didn't know what Tom was going to do next, go off to the world's end, or stay to worry dearest Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby, I have paused a long time, and then suggested bed, to have his dear voice quiver with suppressed excitement, and to hear him plead, "Please, please, Mother, just a little more."

We have been very anxious over Tom sometimes. The Boy has confessed that "it's awfully hard not doing things you shouldn't." Poor little Tom knows how true that is! At times we were nearly desperate, too, as Tom would persist in his naughtiness, but then he always did something good immediately after to make up for it, so we never could go to bed with our minds at rest.

One thing we never skipped, the exquisite poems introduced here and there in the story. He knew them all, and dimpled deliciously when we ran across such old school favorites as: "I once had a sweet little doll, dears, The prettiest doll in the world."

Again:
"When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course,
And every dog his day."

To the Boy that day is here. Geese are swans, Water Babies are possibilities. He knows the language of trees and flowers, still, still, thank Heaven, he walks in a vain show, better, he takes me with him to that fairy world. God bless all little children who keep our hearts and minds always young.

The moral of the fairy tale we haven't spoken much about, because all morals, I believe, should have a sugar coating, and dear knows they make their presence felt quite readily enough. And yet without discussing the present one, the Boy has confided that he's going to try and not torture things. To-do-as-he-would-be-done-by.

I believe him; and I believe further, that in days to come, when he looks back he will remember our hours with Tom, and not forget the lesson the quaint book seeks to instill.

The mention of Pandora and her Box, familiar through his "Wonder Book" and other references, he recognized, were a keen delight to him, and the wisdom I have learned as to the workings of the minds of the animal world and other interesting lore, makes me in turn feel very, very wise.

"And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, 'Here is a story book
Thy Father-hath written for thee."

"Come wander with me," she said,
Into regions yet untrod,

And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."
"And he wandered away and away,
With Nature, the dear old Nurse,
Who sang to him night and day,
The rhymes of the universe."
—Longfellow.

I saw a very sad thing one day this week. I was in a crowded court room, where a woman was putting up a fight against extradition on the charge of murdering her husband, with the aid of a negro, with whom, it was claimed, she was infatuated, and beside their mother in the prisoners' dock, sat a pretty innocent-looking girl of fifteen, and a bright young lad of ten or twelve years.

I think I shall never forget the sight, the painful wonder on their fresh young faces as they listened to the shocking details of how their father had been supposedly done to death by their mother, that weeping woman herself, and the tender regard her children displayed for her, as her emotions became too painful for her to endure silently.

The case itself is too weird and terrible to dwell on. Again the old truth of the axiom was brought home to those present, that one is bound to avoid "even the appearances of evil." A white woman does not naturally mate with a black, and their appearance so often together, and on apparently so familiar a footing had the inevitable result of arousing very grave suspicions against them.

With the case, as I said, I have nothing to do, but writing of the inextricable impression made on youthful minds by the reading of good books, has turned my thoughts, perhaps not unnaturally, the impression bound to be left on those other child-minds by the sight and sound of what they heard that day in that court room.

Look back yourself on your own youthful days. How faithfully every event of any importance stands out for you still! The fine picnic you remember, the terrors of the dark, the day you got a good thrashing. Why, you can remember every turn and crook of the old house, every hiding place in the yard. The man who gave you a silver quarter—you know and realize as well as I, how vividly it lives for you again.

What then if you were present when your mother stood arraigned on a charge so terrible? What of the effect of hearing her name coupled with that of another so alien to her race? The thing haunts me.

What of listening to details concerning one so inexpressibly dear to you as your own father; details concerning his death struggles, his position and condition when found, etc. Why, the thing is monstrous. I understand that on the negro's request the boy was taken out of the court room on the succeeding day. Surely someone might have exercised as much discretion before the harm was done.

To the distracted mother's mind, I cannot believe that it ever occurred what a wrong she was doing her children, but surely there must be some society interested in young people that will see to it that such a wrong is never perpetrated again in Edmonton.

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The Suspicion is deeply rooted that the much-touted comet, which has made the name of Halley a household word for months past, which has filled with dread those who didn't want to depart this life, and those with hope who have been looking for an easy way out of it, and lots of company thrown in, has existed only in the brain of some ingenious newspaper man short of copy. After reading column after column about it in the hope of improving a deficient astronomical education and thus being able to appreciate the wonderful sight to be afforded us, after spending hours before sunrise and after sunset in an eager search of the heavens, I have to admit I never caught a glimpse of it. In an age full of fakes, our late alleged visitor will take a high place.

There were some people, however, who had all the sensations that the comet was expected to produce. A Chicago paper tells us that Samuel Popowski ran to a police station there declaring that he was being beaten to shreds by the tail of the comet and he didn't see how he could get together. A woman arose in a street car and shouted and gesticulated wildly.

"Glory glory, glory!" she cried. "The good Lord is coming with all his chariots. There won't be no more trouble, and sin is gone from the world forever. Glory, glory, glory! Get down on your knees, you sinners, and pray the Lord to forgive you, for this is the end of the world."

Then she sought to force men and women in the car to get down on the floor and pray.

But the worst victim that Chicago produced was a man named John Watson. After so amusing his interest that he viewed the heavens for 24 hours in an attempt to get a glimpse of the wanderer, the comet landed Watson in a cell. When he refused to go to bed just when he believed the tail of the comet was going to swoosh into view his wife called a policeman and had him arrested. "Well, this thing you call the comet has certainly got me in wrong," Watson told the desk sergeant. "If any of your cells have skylights don't put me in them, for I am afraid to take another chance. I don't want to be jilted again."

Mrs. Smith—"And were you up the Rhine?"

Mrs. De Jones (just returned from a Continent trip)—"I should think so; right to the very top. What a splendid view there is from the summit!"

The case concerned a will and an Irishman was a witness. "Was the deceased," asked the lawyer, "in the habit of talking to himself when alone?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "Certainly, you don't know and yet you pretend that you were intimately acquainted with him?"

"The fact is," said Pat, dryly, "I never happened to be with him when he was alone."

A wealthy American gentleman, who had leased a Scottish mansion for a few months, was visited by a local shoemaker in connection with a business transaction.

The latter, observing a set of golf sticks reposing in a brand new bag, remarked:

"I see you golf, sir."

"Oh, I've played the game for years. Do you play?"

"No, sir, I have never seen a game played."

"Well, I'm just going down to the links; if you care you can walk around the course with me. I am sure you will enjoy it."

The shoemaker readily agreed, and when they reached the links the Yankee made a nice tee, upon which he set his ball. Then, taking a mighty swing, he missed.

"Ground game, golf, sur, commented the spectator."

Two other misses followed, and the "player" said things that, under ordinary circumstances, would have been quite inexcusable.

At last the cobbler got in a word. "Man," he said, "it's magnificent; but what's the wee ba' for?"

STARLAND

The special sporting holiday programme which was exhibited at this ever-popular theatre, caught the fancy of the public to an exceptional degree. All baseball lovers crowded to see the picture of the Pittsburgh vs. Detroit championship. The photograph was very clear, enabling us to follow the movements of the various crack players. The game itself was exciting to the finish and the applause was nearly deafening. England's great historical steeplechase, the Grand National also caused a sensation. Several accidents occurred but happily none was fatal. Jenkinson headed the close finish in fine style and appeared to be little the worse for the stiff run.

A daughter of the Sioux, was one of those thrilling western pictures which always attract. The fact that it was taken on the plains of Nebraska and enacted by real Sioux Indians and American regulars added greatly to its interest.

Some equally fine pictures are billed for the coming week.

IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD



An "Ex-Owner" contributes this sketch to the Vancouver Province. The wild tumultuous scenes which were witnessed when Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee won the Derby for the late King were as nothing compared to the thrilling and historic gesture of warning. And truly it was the scarlet and gold of the royal colors were carried past the winning post and Minerva won the first Derby for a reigning monarch.

There was such enthusiasm as not the older sporting men have seen on any Derby Day. That wild, tumultuous scene is unforgettable. The roars of cheering were heard miles away, as thousands of men of all classes swept through the police cordons and with waving hats yelled their enthusiasm at the King's victory, seem to deafen one's ears again in mere remembrance of that astounding noise.

And the sight of the King himself taking his victory very quietly and calmly and stepping down from the grand stand unguarded and unafraid into the very boiling cauldron of that madly excited crowd, and into what was indeed a very rough tumult in order to lead in his gallant horse and good jockey, gave one an impression not to be easily effaced by other scenes in which King Edward played his part.

Hats Flung High.

The late king's victory was acclaimed by the whole of that vast crowd, covering a mile and a half of ground, with a roar of cheering that was like the thunder of battle. They cheered wildly and madly, and the sky was dark with hats flung up to it. Instantly men in silk hats left the stands, burst through the gates and stampeded towards the royal enclosure, shouting and yelling as they tumbled forward.

Instantly there was a rush from the other side of the course, and men in bowler hats and cloth caps, the roughest of the sporting men, the poorest of them, and the most ragged of them, and all classes and ranks jostled together in a great conglomeration, surged forward, an irresistible tide of humanity. The cordon of police was swept away like a row of match-sticks and against the railings of the royal lawn stormed this great army of enthusiastic racing men.

Jasper Hair Tonic

Don't criticise the man whose coat collar is covered with dandruff. Poor chap! Perhaps he has done everything possible to rid himself of it—that is, everything except JASPER HAIR TONIC.

Dandruff is caused by bacterial action; this preparation stops that action. JASPER HAIR Tonic does other good things for the hair. It stops falling hair, stimulates growth of new, and makes old hair healthy.

75c a bottle



F. W. RICHARDSON

154 Jasper Ave. E.

Phone 1550

The King was smiling, laughing, shaking hands with his friends. The Queen was excited, raising her hands with vivacious and expressive little gestures. Then the King moved forward alone, followed by the Prince, came down the gangway and crossed the lawn. For a moment, but in hand, he stood smiling at the sea of faces gazing at him, as the roar of cheers rolled up to him in volleys of terrific noise.

The Prince, evidently agitated, put his hand on his father's shoulder, a gesture of warning. And truly it was a dangerous thing, to step into the midst of that wild hurly-burly.

King Among the Crowd. But the King did not hesitate a moment. With a calm but he went through the gate of his enclosure and out into the seething mob. He waved these sportsmen, and he was right. The foremost of them pressed back, by what seemed like a miracle a lane was formed, though thousands were pressing forward from behind, and the King was surrounded by a dense throng of rough good fellows, who waved their hats within an arm's length of his Majesty's face, and cheered him until they were purple in the face.

Jones, the King's jockey, was not long in bringing up the gallant horse, as the royal colors were seen above the heads of the people there.

enthusiasm again broke bounds. Just for a moment it seemed as though something ugly might happen. Some mounted police had forced their way through and in their endeavor to keep the crowd back there was a wild scrimmage in the centre of which the King stood unharmed.

But all was well and his Majesty took the bridle of Minerva and led it into the paddock, while once again the great concourse on the Downs gave voice to their patriotism and to their real joy that the King had won.

They sang in an extraordinary discord of hoarse-voiced harmony the National Anthem, and this wild chorus, the strangest music ever heard, rose up again as the King once more stood in the grand stand waving his hat to the people.

It was really a thrilling and historic scene, and this day on which for the first time a King won the Derby will be remembered in the chronicles of England.

In racing circles and with sportsmen the King was a popular favorite. The King's racing colors consisted of a purple satin body, faced with gold braid; the sleeves are scarlet, and the cap black velvet, with gold fringe. On a race course they first made their appearance on April 15, 1886, in a mile race at Steeplechase at Aldershot. The royal colors were registered as far back as 1875, but it was not until June 4, 1886, that they were sported on the flat.

A Storekeeper Says:

"A lady came into my store lately and said:

"I have been using a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove all winter in my apartment. I want one now for my summer home. I think these oil stoves are wonderful. If only women knew what a comfort they are, they would all have one. I spoke about my stove to a lot of my friends, and they were astonished. They thought that there was smell and smoke from an oil stove, and that it heated a room just like any other stove. I told them of my experience, and one after another they got one, and now, not one of them would give hers up for five times its cost."

The lady who said this had thought an oil stove was all right for quickly heating milk for a baby, or boiling a kettle of water, or to make coffee quickly in the morning, but she never dreamed of using it for difficult or heavy cooking. Now—she knows.

Do you really appreciate what a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove means to you? No more smoke, no more coming to the dinner table as tired out that you can't eat. The New Perfection Bore immediately heats from an intense blue flame above the bottom of the kettle or oven. But the room isn't heated. There is no smoke, no smell, no noise, no drudgery in the kitchen where one of these stoves is used.



New Perfection Oil Cook-stove

It has a Cabinet Top with a shelf for keeping plates and food hot. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited.

WHY CALL PEOPLE CRANKS?

Who are? Expecting. They usually know Goods of Quality and insist on having them. There are none so hard to please but will be satisfied with

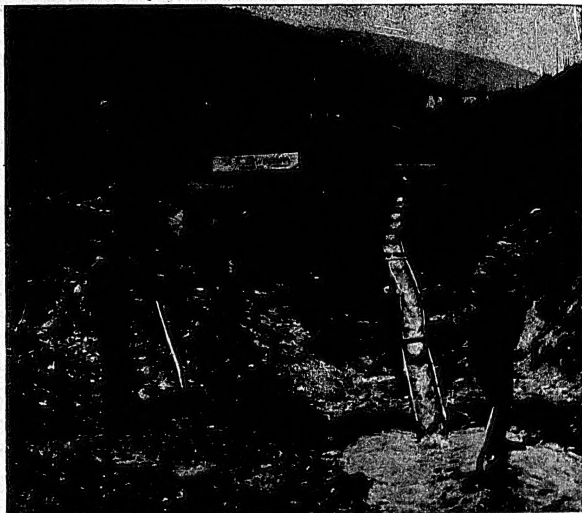
EDDY'S "SILENT" MATCHES

They are the most perfect made, make absolutely no noise, no splutter, no smell of sulphur, are quick, and safe. All good dealers keep them, also

Eddy's Pails, Tubs, Washboards, Toilet Papers, etc.

The E. B. EDDY Coy. Hull, Can.

[Established 1851]



ALL EYES ON ALASKA

The photograph shows miners skimming the cream of gold off a small section of fabulously rich Alaska. It is no wonder that the information has become general that in gold and copper Alaska is a treasure-house capable of yielding over a billion dollars profit to some one. The allied Morgan and Guggenheim interests are going ahead on the supposition that they are the "some one." They have pooled their interests and built railways heading for the rich fields, and today the "Morgenthau's," as they are dubbed by an American magazine, are the centre of a hot fight waged to prevent their clinching a stranglehold on Alaska minerals. The Guggenheims are spending huge sums to corner gold lodes worth \$625,000,000 or more. There is said to be a billion dollars' worth of copper and a billion dollars' worth of coal in Alaska. That amount of coal, mined, would yield \$200,000,000 profit.

No wonder the fight is warm.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE ONLY DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE

Between
Chicago and Eastern Canada
and the
Double Track Line to New York
via Niagara Falls

The Route With Something to See All the Way

Cook's Tours, Quebec, S. S. Co.
Special Tours to the Mediterranean, Bermudas, and West Indies

For Rates, Reservations and Full Information, Apply to
A. E. DUFF
General Agent Pass. Dept.
280 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

HOME AND SOCIETY

Edmonton

Forty years on I suppose the children who marched in the procession on the day of the King's funeral will be relating to the children the solemn events of that day. Forty years back Old-Timers in Edmonton refer to as if it represented another state of existence. Such changes the brief years bring! New times, new faces, new conditions.

Reading of the magnificent funeral cortege that accompanied the body of our late gracious King to its last resting place in wonderful, wonderful old London, kings afoot, princes arrayed in their gorgeous uniforms, muffled bands, all the pride, pomp and circumstance the homage of the world could pay, I turned to this little Edmonton, and its procession of mourning, and thought I saw in it a more significant tribute.

Hand in hand walked hundreds upon hundreds of sturdy school children, English, French, German, Russian—dear knows how many nationalities.

Though only a name to them Edward the Seventh was their king. Day by day, through prayer, song and story, they had come to look on him as a friend, and something of the hero worship, much of the ideal, mingled with their thought of him. That splendid and gracious king under whose wise rule Canada was made an open home to them.

Well, the good Edward has gone to his reward. Guns boom again, flags float high once more, another king reigns in his stead. But years hence children will take up the tale—children of these children, and tell pointing to the little badge of mourning worn this Friday last by their parents, "Here is a little souvenir of the death of the great and good King Edward; my father or mother lived in his reign and remember those old days perfectly." What king will then have come to the throne, what conditions will obtain then? Who knows?

Those who have attended many sessions of the Royal Commission, and what a motley have come and gone! must all have been struck by the gentlemanly bearing and courteous and very capable manner of the leading counsel for the Commission, Mr. W. L. Walsh, K.C., whose whole conduct of what in other lands might very readily have been a very offensive role, was on the contrary so ideal as to commend itself to everyone concerned in the investigation.

I have known some strange samples of judges and lawyers in my time. Some good, others very, very bad, still more indifferent, but Mr. Walsh, I think I may say, without being accused of flattery, combines the brightness and wit of the popular counsel with a dignity and a courtesies that embraces all the best traditions of the Bar.

We have grown accustomed in these days of easy latitude in the court room to seeing eminent men of the legal profession behave more after the manner of a Jackanapes than like men with even a moderate degree of intelligence. It is the manner of the day to appeal to sentiment rather than logic, to trade on men's passions in preference to appealing to their idea of justice or any better qualities they may possess, so that to see a man of Mr. Walsh's type discharging his duties without any cheap attempts at wit, relying solely on the strength of his arguments to win his case, employing no hysterics, on the best of terms with all the other counsel, is refreshing. Mr. Walsh has a little dash of Beau Nash in his make-up, affects the new tailored coat, and what's more, becomes it, rather fancies a flower in his button-hole, and prefers a game of baseball to the tedium of a Royal Commission.

I heard a nice little story from Calgary this week, related not by a native Calgarian, but a visitor to both the capital and the western city, describing the merry clip we traveled in Edmonton in 'Igh Sclip. I think I shall keep it over until next week for the Mirror proper, hoping that the looking-glass will let us see ourselves as others see us. Oh, but it's a naughty tale! Wonder whose ears are burning. "Eeny, meeny, merrymo?"

I hear that the ladies of St. Andrew's Church in the east end held a phenomenally successful sale of home-made cookery and fancy work on Saturday last week, realizing the large sum of \$103 as a result of their enterprise. Six ladies, with Mrs. Lloyd at their head, did practically all of the work, which makes the total amount they took in all the more remarkable. At present, I understand, services are being held temporarily

in some rented building, but before long it is the intention to erect a church which will accommodate the large number of Episcopalians resident in the east end.

Mr. J. D. Hyndman leaves some time next month on a trip to England, while his wife and family will go on to Ottawa to visit her people, Sir Louis and Lady Davies.

Miss McKenny had a jolly young people's party on Wednesday evening.

The golf tea and luncheon held on the 24th of May were undoubtedly two of the most successful and largely attended affairs ever held on the local links. Everyone seemed in the mood to enjoy the glorious day, and a turn at the royal game, the delicious al fresco meals, served between the rounds, giving the players a new zest and fresh heart to do their pretest.

Mrs. Cobbett, Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. Rolfe, Mrs. Swaisland and Mrs. Scobie had charge of the luncheon, and Mrs. Cobbett presided later at the tea table. Mr. Lewis won first, Mr. Hunt second and Mr. Simpson third in the men's open events, and Mr. Simpson and Miss Matheson the mixed foursome in the afternoon.

Mrs. J. W. Irwin of Kenora is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Richards for a month, and will receive of what in other lands might very readily have been a very offensive role, was on the contrary so ideal as to commend itself to everyone concerned in the investigation.

Mrs. Bowker accompanied her mother, Mrs. Kirchhoff of Brandon, to the Coast on Monday.

Miss Cuthbert and Miss Eleanor Taylor returned on Wednesday from a most enjoyable little visit with the Bremners at their beautiful ranch in Clover Bar.

Mrs. Pouton has taken the Harcourt's cottage at Gull Lake for the summer, and will go down early in June with her family.

Mrs. Lindsay has rented Mr. Bishop's cottage at the same popular summer resort, and will go down with her sister, Mrs. Levinge, and her young nephew next month.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy is back from the Mayo Brothers' Hospital, Rochester, where she underwent a severe operation a month ago, and is looking very bright and well after her trying experience.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lement Harris announce the marriage of their daughter, Mary Turner, to Mr. John Gillespie on Wednesday, May 25th, at Edmonton.

I have to acknowledge the courtesy of an invitation to the opening of the Calgary Hunt Clubhouse which is to take place with great eclat on Saturday, May 28th.

The officers are: President, T. C. Mewburn; vice president, George Laing; secretary, M. Y. Watson; treasurer, Edmund Thomas; B. L. M. Menburn, master; and the committee, C. W. Rowley, E. S. Doughty, Geo. Tull, G. B. Bruce, Arthur.

In my sketch of Mr. W. L. Walsh, I neglected to mention that his greatest claim to distinction at the present time is his role as a grandfather, a fine little daughter having arrived to bless the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, Dr. Walsh's only daughter, in Calgary, on May 16th. Needless to add, Mr. Walsh is quite inordinately proud and without having even seen his grand-daughter claims that there never was another baby to be compared to her.

The marriage of Miss Slie Graves to Mr. W. S. Heffernan is to take place at St. Joachim's Church on June 15th, a luncheon and reception following at the Alberta Hotel.



GEO. H. GRAYDON, KING EDWARD DRUG STORE

THIS IS KODAK WEATHER

You will get twice the amount of pleasure out of your trips if you take a Kodak or a Brownie Camera with you.

KODAKS from \$10.00 to \$115.00
BROWNIE CAMERAS from .. 1.00 to 12.50
PREMO CAMERAS from 5.00 to 15.00

If you haven't a Camera come in and let us show you our stock and quote prices.

260 JASPER AVENUE

A Steady Gaze

often brings to light some new beauty or else discloses defects not before discerned

Your Photograph with our Imprint

is a certain guarantee that it has neither flaw nor defect. You'd look well just as you are. Results will please you. Get a dozen.

BURK'S STUDIO
308 JASPER

SPECIAL!

We are offering some of the most up-to-date millinery at prices unusually low, at

The Toronto Millinery Store 143 Jasper W.
MISS M. FARRELL
One door east of Hudson's Bay Co.

HOTEL Martha Washington

NEW YORK'S
Exclusive Woman's Hotel
29 East 29th St. near 5th Avenue

Restaurant and Tea Room for men and women. Convenient to subway and cross town car lines.
entire of Theatre and Shopping District
Rates, \$1.00 and up

European Plan 400 rooms with telephone
Baths free on each floor. FRANKLIN 4-11

The Jasper House

Jasper Avenue East, Edmonton

\$1.50 per Day

L. A. GOODRIDGE, Proprietor

DANCING CLASSES

Also private tuition for children and adults. Taught at home or at

Miss Paget's Studios
308 Jasper E., Phone 1651, for all particulars
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Mondays, Wednesdays, and tuition by special arrangement

MARY W. CAMPBELL

Teacher of High Class

China Decoration, Water Colors, Etc.
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S.W. SANDERSON
762 FIRST ST. PHONE 1784
PHOTOGRAPHER

THE ENGLISH SYSTEM AND THE AMERICAN

The subjoined editorial is from the Brooklyn Eagle:

"It is perhaps well to notice some of the respects in which Great Britain has an advantage over this country by comparing the House of Commons with our House of Representatives. The House of Commons begins its duties as soon as it is elected. The House of Representatives does not begin its duties until more than a year after it is elected. The House of Commons dissolves as soon as there is evidence that the government within it has apparently lost touch with the changed sentiment of the country. A new election may show that it has not. In that case the policy of the government is sustained and the party in power is returned. If the country has changed its opinion the control of Parliament is shifted. There is a constant ability of the people to change their mind and to enforce the change on their representatives.

Here there is not. A repudiated Congress holds over for at least one session after it has been repudiated, and in that session does what it can to balk the changed will of the people and to throw up entrenchments against the changed will of the people. That is sheer nullification. That it is nullification under the forms of law makes it no less nullification in fact. The British system is better than ours in that respect. Our wisest statesmen have sought to have the official life of our House of Representatives end with the declaration of every national election and to have the next House then come in. They have been beaten by the nullification influences here recited.

In the House of Commons the Speaker is never a partisan. He is always just and fair. In our House of Representatives he is elected for his partisanship and because he can be relied on to exercise it to the limit. That abuse never came to be more ruthless exercise than in our present House. It has incensed Democracy, divided Republicanism and shocked the people. The English policy for our Speaker would be far better than the one we have. Our best writers and soundest politicians are a unit on this, but the refusal to reform our bad condition in this respect has been endorsed by the people again and again.

In Great Britain some officials whom we would call our Cabinet Ministers are members of the House elected in Parliamentary districts and chosen by the Prime Minister for their several executive functions. Here they are appointed by our periodically elected Presidents, which, perhaps, is better, but here they cannot directly defend the Senate or the House in defense of their own departments or in advocacy of the plans and projects of their own departments. Our most thoughtful statesmen have advocated the extension of this right to them but in vain. Some of our ablest friends have favored it but in vain. The withholding of it is regrettable and unjust. It must eventually be granted, for in no other way can the plain

will and true judgment of the executive and legislative branches be secured.

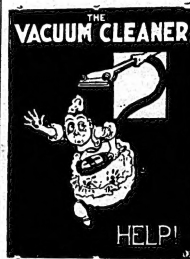
"These suggestions, and other suggestions which can well be deferred, should be borne in mind now, when Great Britain is waiting to adjust a new King to conditions of disension in its dual legislative body and when our dual legislative body is at odds with our own constitutional executive. It is well for neither nation to be too conceited, in existing circumstances, and it will be well for neither to be too censorious toward the other. England would be better faced toward the future could it unite some of its best features of government with some of our best and this republic would be better faced toward the future could we adopt and adjust to our system some of the manifold advantages in that of England which give to public opinion instant effect and which give an appeal to an apparently changed public an immediate opportunity to be made."

The Wrong Pull
"How did the street car company come to fire that old conductor? I thought he had a pull."
"He did, but he didn't use it on the cash register."—Buffalo Express.

OUR STOCK OF Brass Candlesticks
Is better assorted and at prices never before equaled in Edmonton.

Jackson Bros.
303 Jasper Avenue E.

Marriage Licenses Issued.
G.T.P. Watch Inspectors.



SPRING CLEANING

will be made easy this year. The Vacuum Cleaner Co. have new and increased facilities for doing your work quickly and with little expense.

Your carpets and furniture can be thoroughly freed from dust in a few hours without leaving the house. We have also experienced hands to take up and relay carpets which can be cleaned at our works. Electric Vacuum Cleaner for sale or rent.

R. Kenneth, Agent.
EDMONTON.
TENT & MATTRESS CO.
618, SECOND STREET.

For the Garden

A fine lot of
BEDDING PLANTS

at 35c per dozen

Now ready:

Asters Pansy Phlox Verbena
Snapdragon Lobelia Wallflower

Others ready later

We are now filling Hanging Baskets and Window Boxes

Let us have your order now and avoid delay

Ramsay's Greenhouses

PHONE 1292

Canadian and American Advertising Methods Compared

Reciprocity is being discussed by the manufacturing interests. The Canadian Manufacturers' Association is trying to devise a campaign against it. Last week the council of the Montreal Board of Trade passed a strong negative resolution and the Chambre du Commerce also showed considerable opposition to the idea. In the near future, other resolutions of a similar nature will be numerous. The Canadian manufacturer will not allow the promised negotiations to proceed without a strong protest. He has little fear of the British manufacturer except in a few special lines, but he has a genuine fear of the United States competitor. And justly so. The American is energetic, enterprising and daring. He was a big well-protected market at home and he has developed his business to a point where he can sell cheaply abroad. He realizes that Canada is his nearest and most valuable market and he would like freer access to it. Therefore his Canadian rival does well to be afraid.

Perhaps the greatest source of the American manufacturer's strength is his mastery of the art of advertising. He knows how to make a big noise and to keep the public informed of what he is doing. In this art, he

can beat the Canadian manufacturer, who is a mere novice at the game. The best advertisers among the manufacturers of the United States are running branch factories in the States industries. The American, more than the Canadian, realizes the power of the press. He believes in "standing in" with the newspaper and the periodical publisher. He freely patronizes the advertising columns and sees that the newspaper publishers pursue a policy which suits his interests.

An example of this occurred some time ago in connection with the Canadian Courier. A paragraph appeared in one of our articles which, to the mind of an American manager of the Canadian branch of a United States factory, reflected upon his native land. He promptly drew our advertising manager's attention to it and withdrew from the paper.

Not that this advertising is done to the detriment of the Canadian manufacturer. He is quite friendly in on their being friendly in a business sense. He recognizes that newspapers are business propositions, managed by business men.

On the other hand the Canadian manufacturer is a poor advertiser. The International Harvester Company, for example, has a branch at Hamilton but does not do as much business in Canada as the Massey-Harris Company which is a purely Canadian concern; yet the International Harvester does a great deal of advertising and the Massey-Harris almost none. Again, take the boot and shoe business. Not a single Canadian manufacturer of boots and shoes does any advertising, although the Slater Shoe was advertised for a while. No one outside the trade, knows the name of the dozen or more successful boot and shoe manufacturers in Canada. Yet American shoes are regularly advertised in Canadian publications.

Indeed, it would be safe to predict that reciprocity with the United States would mean millions of dollars additional revenue to Canadian newspapers and periodicals. If the barriers were lowered, American advertising would flow over the line in great quantities and every large publication would get its share, especially those with national or provincial circulation.

The Canadian manufacturer is content to place his advertisement in the trade papers or in the C.M.A. organ, Industrial Canada. Why, think you, is it placed in the latter journal? It does not reach the consumer, since its circulation is confined to the members of the Association. That advertisement is inserted because Industrial Canada advocates the man-

ufacturer's interests. He forgets, or overlooks, the fact that it is the buyers of goods to whom he should be advertising and it is to the great dailies and weeklies he should be looking for sympathy and support. That an advertiser should confine his announcements to other manufacturers, instead of to the great buying public seems so ridiculous that the Englishman would be guilty of it. Nevertheless it is largely the case. There are certain classes of manufacturers in Canada, making a combined annual profit running into the millions, whose announcements never appear in any journal except the organ of the Association, or in the trade paper which represents their industry.

How little support the average manufacturer extends to Canadian publications may be illustrated by an incident in which the writer was one of the participants. Some years ago when the low postage rate on United States periodicals and the high rate of duty on periodical printing paper gave the United States periodical publishers a monopoly in this market, a deputation from the Press Association met the Executive of the Canadian Paper-makers' Association. The latter were asked to use their influence to bring about a better condition of affairs on the part of the paper-makers which were quite sympathetic, but one large manufacturer absolutely refused to countenance any move in the matter. After the meeting was over, those in favor of helping the deputation from the Press Association apologized privately for the narrow attitude of the objecting paper-maker. That objector is now vice-president and prospective president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

Eventually a reform in postage was secured, and Canadian periodicals got a slight chance to do business, but no thanks are due to the Canadian Paper-makers' Association. They have never turned an official finger on behalf of the publishing trade, in which they are so vitally interested. Indeed, one of the greatest legal fights which ever occurred in Canada was undertaken by the publishers to prevent extortion on the part of the paper-makers.

This story is not told and these arguments advanced with any idea that the Canadian manufacturers can influence the press of Canada to oppose reciprocity. That is impossible. Nevertheless it is best that the manufacturer should know just where he stands. As an advertiser of goods he is an infant in arms. As a cultivator of the press and of public opinion he is not a success. As a man who takes broad views on national questions, he is unknown. As a manufacturer he has done fairly well; as a maker of friends he has done poorly. When the question of reciprocity comes up for discussion, the Canadian manufacturer will get cold justice from the press of Canada and little more—since cold justice is all that he has given.

The manufacturer should realize that the day of high protection is over and run on this continent. In the fu-

ture, the market will be for the man who can make the best goods and put out the most successful advertising. The United States tariff is coming down shortly; the Canadian tariff will never go up. The next moves will be for freer trade between Canada and Great Britain and between Canada and the United States. The Canadian manufacturer can meet these conditions only by making sure of his home market, by making his name or his brand a household word and a guarantee of quality. Unless he does this he will be ultimately displaced by the United States and British manufacturer who know the art of advertising. The cry "Made in Canada" was good advertising as far as went, and the official of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association who coined and popularized that phrase did good work. But that one excellent achievement will not last for all time. Ultimately the greater test will come, and only the manufacturer or the publisher who produces the best article and the best advertised article will survive.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is shortly to tour the West and he will listen to what the people of that portion of Canada have to say. He will desire to be protected from the well-advertised goods of the United States manufacturer. He will find that most people are quite willing that the United States business man shall reap the advantage which he has gained by keeping Canada flooded with United States advertisements.

While Sir Wilfrid is West, Mr. Fielding will be arranging the details of the reciprocity negotiations with the Washington authorities. This double campaign movement should be sufficient to convince the Canadian manufacturer that it is time to be up and doing. His day of idle anarchy is nearly over. There is to be a fight, a great fight, a fight for the control of the fastest developing market on the continent. Will the great body of public opinion side with Sir Wilfrid Laurier in his efforts to promote freer trade or will it side with the Canadian manufacturer?

Talk about how the farmer would be injured and how our natural resources would be depleted under reciprocity with the United States will not suffice to stay the hand of the government. A cry that our relations with Great Britain will be injured will not go down with the public. The Canadian manufacturer must show that he is making honest goods at reasonable prices and that he is earnestly anxious to avoid taking any undue advantage. He must win over the politicians, the press and the public, none of whom are with him to any great extent at the present moment. No doubt there is much to be said on his behalf, but a strange silence fills the air. No doubt reciprocity with the United States would injure certain industries unless great care is taken in the framing of the treaty, but if those industries are unpopular how shall they be saved?

Will Mr. Borden and the Conservative party turn in and save the manufacturers if they are threatened with a sweeping reciprocity treaty? Hardly. The Conservative party owes less to the manufacturers than the manufacturers owe to it. Will the farmers save the manufacturers? Not likely, because more farmers are free-traders today than in 1882. Will the press? This seems to be their only hope, but the interests of the press naturally lie with the American manufacturer who spends his money freely in printers ink.

The outlook is decidedly blue. There remains only the railways and the labor unions, and goodness knows what they will do.

THE GROWTH OF CREMATION

The Cremation Society of England and the Society for the Prevention of Premature Burial are getting a great deal of business. The work is steady, though slow progress which cremation is making. Last year, it is pointed out in their annual report, the number of cremations in Great Britain was more than 850, an increase of about eight per cent. on the figures of the previous year, though these compare very favorably with other countries.

In Germany, for instance, the annual figures are five times as large as those for Great Britain, while in Paris, since the erection of a furnace in the historic cemetery of Pere Lachaise, more than 9,000 bodies have been incinerated within twenty years. In Paris, however, the authorities consign the bodies of paupers to the furnace, whereas in Great Britain the practice is confined to the wealthier classes, to whom the propagandist movement has up to the present been directed. In addition to the two London crematoria there are now institutions in working order in eleven British cities.

An interesting case has just been brought to light in which a young woman standing weeping by the coffin of her mother, was startled to see her mother's arms spread out and return to her side. The hysterical screams of the girl brought other members of the family to the room, and an examination of the coffin showed that the sheet covering the body had been disturbed. The doctor who had certified the cause of death was summoned, and he now having a suspicion that it might be a case of coma, telegraphed for a specialist, who revealed that the supposed dead woman was

still in life.

Whether the restorative measures which were attempted were successful or not has not yet been reported. But James R. Williamson, a prominent member of the Society for the Prevention of Premature Burial, writes concerning the usual practice in the medical profession of certifying the cause of death without any inspection of the body, and on mere hearsay evidence that the patient is dead.

The risk of premature burial is, however, treated by the Lancet in an editorial as a "hoax." The writer admits, to start with, that of the reality of the apprehension which exists on this point there is ample evidence, but one question may help to set the minds of the nervous at rest that may be asked is:

"In all the thousands of post-mortem examinations which have been performed throughout the world during the last 50 years, has there been a single instance of the supposed corpse under examination showing signs of life, such as would infallibly appear at the dissection of a living subject? We venture to say that if this had occurred the world would have heard of it."

IT IS TO LAUGH

An Incident—

Travelling Inspector (after severely cross-questioning the terrified class—"And now, boys, who wrote 'Hamlet'?"

"Timid Boy—"P-p-please, sir, it wasn't me."

—And the Sequel

Travelling Inspector (the same evening to his host, the squire of the village)—"Most amusing thing happened today. I was questioning the class, and asked a boy, 'Who wrote 'Hamlet'?' and he answered tearfully, 'P-p-please, sir, it wasn't me.'"

"Squire (after loud and prolonged laughter)—"Hal hal! That's good; and I suppose the little devil had done it all the time."—The Tailor.

Too Cheap.

Newlywed—What, \$30 for a hat! Why, that's simply ridiculous, my dear!"
Mrs. Newlywed—That's what I thought, Harold. But you said it was all we could afford.—Lippincott's Magazine.

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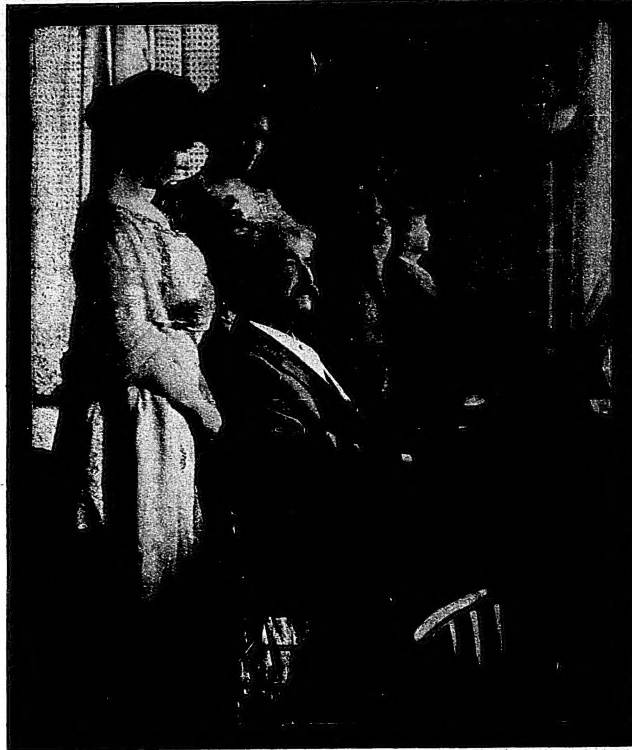
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The Late Mark Twain

(Bliss Carman, in Collier's)



How he has made us laugh! A whole generation of men Smiled in the joy of his wit. But who knows whether he was not Like those deep jesters of old Who dwelt at the courts of Kings, Arthur's, Pendragon's, Lear's, Plying the wise fool's trade, Making men merry at will, Hiding their deeper thoughts Under a motley array—

Keen-eyed, serious men, Watching the sorry World, The gaudy pageant of life, With pity and wisdom and love? Fearless, extravagant, wild, His caustic merciless mirth, Was levelled at pompous shams, Doubt not behind that mask There dwelt the soul of a man, Resolute, sorrowing, sage As sure a champion of good

As ever rode forth to fray. Happily—who knows?—somewhere In Avalon, Isle of Dreams, In vast contentment at last, With every grief done away, While Chaucer and Shakespeare wait, And Moliere hangs on his words, And Cervantes not far off Listens and smiles apart, With that incomparable drawl He is jesting with Dagone now.

MAJOR MAUDE AND THE KING

Writing of the tour of King George in Canada, Mr. Hector Charlesworth says in Saturday Night:

"It was at Ottawa that the ineptitude of Major Maude, which was to partially destroy the success of the tour, was first encountered. Major Maude at the time the tour was projected was military secretary to the Earl of Minto and was put in charge of the arrangements. Personally he may have been a most estimable gentleman, but as a man to handle such delicate functions he was a distressful marplot.

"His general feeling toward colonial appeared to be that they were a sort of enlightened breed of husky dogs. The Mayor of Ottawa at that time was a typical municipal politician. Now, the municipal politician in this country is not the finest flower of civilization, but he is usually a good fellow, and this individual was assuredly that. Major Maude, prior to the Duke's arrival, wrote him a letter reminding him of his duties and expressing the hope that he would commit himself with propriety," or words to that effect.

"The letter was made public, and created a feeling of soreness in Ottawa which did not manifest itself during the royal visit. The mayor promptly bought a gold chain and a vermilion robe trimmed with sable. The general effect of this missive throughout the country was bad, because its tone was obviously supercilious. As soon as the party left, Ottawa the effect of Major Maude's policy was felt. The next stop was Winnipeg.

"Major Maude had created chaos there by cancelling several plans for showing hospitality to the visitor. Finally he sent word that the Duke would remain there for only two or three hours. Winnipeg was angry, and when on the eve of the arrival of the royal train it was announced that His Royal Highness would spend a full day there, it was still angrier. This was a single incident among several which occurred in various cities and towns throughout Canada, all due to the lack of a tactful directing head for the tour."

ONE WOMAN'S STATEMENT

Tells Her Suffering Sisters to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Proved a Blessing to Her When Her Pains and Weakness Were Almost More Than She Could Bear.

St. George, Man., May 23—(Special).—Hoping to save her sister women in the West from pains and aches which come at the critical time in a woman's life, Mrs. Arsene Vinet of this place has given the following statement for publication:

"I have brought up a large family and have always enjoyed good health until the last two years. I am fifty-four years of age and at the critical time of life that comes to every woman, I had pains in my right hip and shoulder. I could not lie down two minutes at a time without suffering the greatest agony. Sometimes awakened with a feeling as if some one had laid a piece of ice on my head. Another time it would be a burning pain under the left shoulder. I took many medicines but could get no relief, till reading of cures of similar cases to my own by Dodd's Kidney Pills, led me to try them. They did wonders for me.

"I want all women to know what Dodd's Kidney Pills did for me. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys. Two women who have sound Kidneys is safeguarded against ninety per cent of the suffering that makes life a burden to the women of Canada."

MUSIC AND DRAMA

The Winnipeg Free Press has this to say of a recent addition to the ranks of Alberta musicians:

Few musicians in the city have become more popular in so short a time than Fred Warrington, who is picking up his stakes and going further west, with the intention, at least for the present, of giving up the practice of his profession. Mr. Warrington came here from Detroit, four years ago, having previously been in Toronto for 34 years. He came west for the purpose of settling several of his sons on homesteads in Alberta, which having done, he returned to Winnipeg to accept the position of choir-master and soloist at the Fort Rouge Methodist Church, since which time he has played a leading role in the musical history of the city. He shortly afterwards transferred his services to Westminster church where he has been ever since. He has given the congregation of that place of worship a good class of music and his place will be hard to fill. Mr. Warrington organized the Winnipeg Oratorio Society in 1908, and became its first director, giving "the Creation" in connection with the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra in the Walker theatre, followed the next year by "Elijah," both very meritorious performances. He then, in connection with J. C. Murray and E. E. Vinen organized the Elgar Musical Society of which the three gentlemen were the joint conductors. "Mr. Warrington was a successful teacher of singing, having a big class. He is leaving the city to join his wife and their two sons, who are farming in Alberta. His many friends will wish him every success in his new life."

It has taken a law case to kill the matinee hat in England. It was killed in Australia more simply and expeditiously three years ago. Complaints had been showered upon the theatrical managers to such an extent that they arranged a conference. The following Saturday night at all the theatres in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Perth there was thrown on a kinematograph screen the following notice:

"Ladies under 50 years of age are requested to remove their hats."

"The theatrical managers 'up country' varied the request according to their taste. Thus the notice at the Kalcutta Theatre Royal read:

"Ladies will remove their hats. Females must!"

At Ballarat the formula was:

"Ladies, take your hats off, but keep your hair on!"

Thus was the "ridiculous hat" killed in one night throughout the Commonwealth.

The New York Sun thus summarizes the results to date of the most interesting dramatic experiment that has been made in recent years.

It is in the existence of the New Theatre that the last season differed most from its predecessors. It was an unprecedented factor in our drama. It came into being with the promise to accomplish great artistic results. Probably its directors understood as well as any group of men in the city what a difficult task this was. A playhouse with such characteristics as the New Theatre claimed must be a matter of growth. The ordinary commercial theatre into which any company of players may be dumped is completely prepared for its artistic functions.

It is the nature of a theatre, in a word, such as the Comedie Francaise or the Hofburg—never sprang fully armed from the brain of any board of directors or millionaire patrons of art.

The New Theatre did not perhaps accomplish all that was promised for it in advance, yet its achievement proved that it is well on the way to establish a higher standard in dramatic enterprise than this country has ever known before. The classic revivals put to its credit and at least four of the modern plays introduced at the New Theatre showed that the institution possesses ample artistic resources, high aims and able directorship."

The Shuberts and William A. Brady have completed arrangements for a revival of "The Mikado" with this all-star cast: Sam Bernard as Ko-Ko, Jefferson De Angelis as The Mikado, Andrew Mack as Nanki-Poo; Charles Ross as Pooch-Bah, William Pruett as Pish-Tush, Louise Gunning as Pitti-Sing, Fritz Scheff as Yum-Yum, Marguerite Clark as Peep-Bo, and Alice Fischer as Katisha. The production will be held on May 30th and should be a genuine treat.

Mrs. Nolan was the engaging hostess of a most enjoyable luncheon on Wednesday of this week. Mrs. Nolan was a magnificent gown of royal grape satin. The tables were very daintily, centered with an exquisite cluster of La France roses, embedded in artistic wrappings of filmy chiffon. At the corner of the polished board

graceful miniature clusters were arranged to correspond with the place bouquets. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Mewburn, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Grogan, Mrs. Duffus, Mrs. Sisley, and Mrs. O'Sullivan.

A number of the young ladies of the Central Methodist Church met at the home of the Misses Jones, 825 Seventh avenue west, on Thursday evening and spent a very pleasant social evening. It was made the occasion of a triple shower of handkerchiefs for Miss Jarrett, Miss E. Howson and Miss Rose Jones. Amongst those present were: Miss Jarrett, Miss Moore (Banff), Miss Poulton, Miss E. V. Eyres, Miss Anna Howson, Miss V. M. Cobbleddick, Miss English, Miss Seymour, Miss E. Fraser, Miss J. Fraser, Miss Millie Howson, Miss Brock, Miss Houser, Miss Amanda Houser, Miss Hawkes, Miss Elsie Seymour, Miss Edith Howson, Miss Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Irvine, Mrs. Courtice, Mr. and Mrs. Peacock, and others.

Mrs. Duffus, Mrs. Mewburn, Mrs. Sisley, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Short, Mrs. Lafferty, Madame Talbot, Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Ings, Mrs. Nolan, Mrs. Grogan and Mrs. Wheeler were entertained by Mrs. Mewburn on Monday last. Mrs. Wheeler is leaving for the coast in the near future. Mrs. Mewburn, wearing a handsome moire silk gown, extended a gracious word of welcome to her friends Madame Talbot in a pretty lace gown with a dainty summer hat, and Mrs. Wood in a charming brown silk costume and becoming pink hat, presided over the tea and coffee cups. The table was very picturesque with the perfect appointments and many delicacies brightened by vases filled with ever fragrant sweet peas and southern greenery.

A most successful tea and sale was held at the home of Mrs. Hume, 207 Fourteenth avenue west, last Thursday evening by the Redeemer Girls' Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary. The pretty tea table was presided over by Mrs. Dunbridge and Mrs. Page, while Mrs. Hume, with Mrs. Vig-rass assisting, served the ice cream. The fancy work table, with its profusion of dainty articles, was in charge of Mrs. Brockbank. The candy stall was in charge of Miss S. Hallett and Miss Crick, and the dainty cake table was in charge of Miss M. White and Miss Shippy.



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Home and Society

Calgary.

Mr. H. A. Vanney of Chicago is in the city.

Miss Rogers spent the week-end at Carstairs.

Mr. Duncan is spending his vacation at High River.

Mr. Allan Humphries of Denver, Col., is a guest in the city.

Mr. S. Gardner of Los Angeles, Cal., is here for a few days.

The Misses Smart are at Crossfield for the week-end.

Mr. W. Hittinger of Freeport, Ill., is seeing Calgary.

R. De M. Prevost, C.E., of Ottawa, spent Friday here.

Miss Helen Howson is visiting her parents at High River.

Mrs. W. C. McKillican is spending a few weeks at the home of her parents in Morden, Man.

Mr. Charles Bouck, who has been attending Toronto Medical College, is home for the summer vacation.

Mr. Jas. Thompson, of Toronto Medical College, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Magee.

L. B. Elliot, C.E., is spending a few weeks at Craven, Sask.

This week the Women's Literary Club met at Mrs. Cruikshanks'. Besides the regular members who were present, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Nunn and Mrs. Melickson were guests and all enjoyed the musical and literary hour. Dainty refreshments were served.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Harris, Sixth street west, entertained in honor of Miss Downey of New York, who has come to the city recently to be the guest of her brother, Mrs. Harris was a perfectly fitting white costume with dainty laces and insertions, while the honored guest wore a pale blue silk eolienne over taffeta, finished with cream. Amongst the guests were Miss Downey, Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. B. Robinson, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Vandellinder, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Wright, the Misses Macdonald and Miss Mills.

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(c) " Income 302,571
(d) " Surplus 348,296

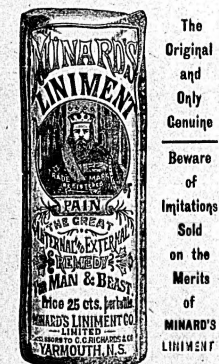
while its ratio of expense to income was smaller than in previous years.

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TWO FAMOUS AMERICAN SURGEONS

The Mayo Brothers of Rochester, Minnesota, and Their Remarkable Work.

By George W. Sackett, in Munsey's Magazine

If a man build a better mouse-trap, or preach a better sermon than his neighbor, even though he build his house in the woods, the world will find him out, and wear a beaten path to his door.—Emerson.

Twenty years ago, two young doctors—brothers, and fresh from college—hung out their signs together in a small Western city, in Minnesota. In twenty years the world found them out, and today the beaten path has been made to their door. Rochester, where they first began their practice, has become a Mecca to which each year thousands of afflicted people travel to seek that greatest of all life's blessings—good health.

Just as Edison has become known as the wizard of electricity, Burbank as the wizard of vegetation, so have Drs. William J. and Charles H. Mayo won fame as the wizards of surgery. Their rapid rise from the narrow sphere of two country physicians ministering to the ills, pains and injuries of a little Western town, to foremost places in a most difficult and exacting profession, reads like a fairy tale; but it is true.

The Mayo brothers were born in Minnesota, and received their education in the schools of Rochester. Their father, a country physician, was not well endowed with worldly possessions; and upon graduating from the local high school, the boys went to work in a drug store. They studied pharmacy, and mixed their father's prescriptions. It was their ambition to follow in his footsteps, and become doctors. The instinct of the one seemed to be the instinct of the other. They were at the University of Michigan in 1883, and Charles from the Chicago Medical College—now a part of the Northwestern University—in 1888.

In the meantime, the Sisters of St. Francis realized a long-cherished ambition and opened St. Mary's Hospital at Rochester, in order to care for the ills and injuries of the surrounding country. This was the door of opportunity for the Mayo brothers. Their father became the medical head of the hospital, and William and Charles, now doctors, were privileged characters at the newly built institution.

Under the guidance of their more experienced father, they handled minor operations. They became enamored of the marvelous handwork of the Creator. Hand in hand, they worked, studied, and read. Soon they were undertaking more complicated operations, and the skill with which they handled the knife, and the marvelous success of their work, became the talk of their friends.

The Mayos and Their Hospital. Patients began to come from a distance, and the modest hospital was soon too small to meet the demand. Addition after addition was made, the last in 1908, and today St. Mary's Hospital has accommodations for three hundred patients. It is perhaps the most perfectly equipped institution in the world for general work. The operating rooms, three in number, are on the third floor, and directly across from them is a laboratory in charge of one of the best bacteriologists in the country. In the basement are more laboratories, and also a department given to photographic work. Within the walls of this institution, Drs. William J. and Charles H. Mayo have worked out the destiny that has given them their place among the greatest surgeons in the world.

In twenty years more than thirty-three thousand people afflicted with disease have sought these men, have submitted to operations, and in the vast majority of cases, have returned to their homes with a new lease of life. It is doubtful if any other surgeon in the world can show an equal record.

The percentage of cures at St. Mary's Hospital is probably larger than that of any other institution. During the year 1909 the number of operations performed was 7,177, and only ninety-two patients died in the hospital. The marvelous skill with which the Mayos handle their instruments has amazed the world; but behind their technical skill lies perfect knowledge of the human anatomy, the keen mental ability to grasp situations, the steady nerve, and the unflinching hand.

From every State in the Union, and from almost every country in the world, sufferers journey to this place to feel the magic of the four hands that daily perform from fifteen to thirty operations. There is no known

operation that the Mayos do not undertake, and they do some that were unknown until these men dared them. Their record for last year included more than five hundred different operations, from the surgical treatment of a scalp to the amputation of a toe.

Very few of their operations, however, are so simple as an amputation. Last year they amputated in only twenty-four cases, besides reducing eleven fractures. Their specialty lies in the most difficult field of surgery, their greatest achievement being their wonderful success in abdominal cases. In 1909, for instance, they operated in 1,325 cases of appendicitis, with only four deaths, and in 1,434 intestinal cases, losing only twenty-three patients. Their total record of abdominal operations, for the year, was 3,746, with sixty-eight deaths—a death-rate of one and four-fifths per cent.

Another of their specialties is the treatment of goiter, their study of exophthalmic goiter having resulted in reducing the death-rate of the disease by one-half. Last year they performed 407 operations for goiter, without a death.

When both of the brothers are in Rochester, Charles Mayo does the operations from the throat up, and William Mayo those from the throat down. This does not mean that they have separate fields. When either is away, the other takes all varieties of surgical work.

"We need to learn more about diagnosis," says Dr. Charles Mayo. "When we have conquered this most difficult of all the phases of medical work, disease will be the easier to deal with."

In spite of this modest statement, extreme care and high skill in diagnosis are typical of the Mayos' work. They make no experiments upon the operating-table. They know the case before the patient enters the hospital, and as one visiting surgeon said, "They do the right thing in the right way." They know precisely what they are going to do when they enter the operating-room, and no time is lost in deciding the mode of procedure.

From the office of the diagnostician to the operating-table, to the bacteriologist, to the release from the hospital and the final discharge of the patient, they maintain a system practically simple in form, economical of time, almost assuredly accurate in results. While a patient is under the influence of anesthetics, every possible second is saved, every effort is used to minimize the loss of vitality.

But these two country surgeons, who are world-leaders in their profession, do not know it all. If some one else is doing something especially well, they are always on the alert to learn about it. Dr. William Mayo went to Germany some time ago, to see how an incision was made in a certain operation. They search and study for new revelations today just as eagerly as they did twenty years ago. A corps of assistants is kept busy in various branches of research work.

The Surgeons' Surgeons.

It was at the meeting of the American Medical Association at Atlanta, Georgia, some few years ago, that the Mayos were first brought prominently to the attention of their own profession. A noted authority on surgery, whose word upon the subject was regarded as final, addressed the convention upon a technical matter. At the conclusion of his speech, a young, boyish-looking doctor asked for the floor. It was William Mayo; and on being recognized, he began to challenge the arguments of the younger speaker, and finally disputed some of his most important statements. Dr. Mayo proved by his own work that the authority was wrong.

The assembled doctors were not a little surprised at the tenacity of the young surgeon, who, they were told, had a small hospital somewhere in Minnesota. Today the Mayos are called the surgeons' surgeons, because so many of their own profession came to them for instruction and for treatment. Forty or fifty doctors and surgeons, some of them famous practitioners from foreign countries, daily watch these men as they work in the operating-room. A noted French savant, connected with the research work of his government, recently said:

"No surgeon in France has completed his education until he visits Rochester."

The Mayos talk while they operate. Every incision, the applications used, the whys and wherefores, are fully explained to the students who

have perhaps travelled thousands of miles to learn, for the Mayos have no secrets in their profession. They are working for humanity, and what knowledge they have gained of their life-giving art they freely pass on to their brothers.

St. Mary's Hospital is in the outskirts of the city, and the Mayos also maintain an office in the business district. Here again is a spacious and well-equipped institution; indeed, it is said to be the largest office of its kind in the world. An aisle in the center of the building forms a waiting-room, upon each side of which are small offices, where a staff of thirty doctors diagnose the troubles of newcomers, or treat patients who have been released from the hospital. Some of them are specialists, others general assistants. The business of the Mayos is also handled here, a separate office being maintained for the necessary clerical work. In the basement is a large room where is kept a complete record of all cases treated.

Adjuncting the offices, a separate building serves as the Mayos' private medical library, and here one night a week is devoted to the discussion of medical topics with the staff. The Mayos themselves visit the offices each afternoon, and meet in consultation the patients who are to submit to operations or treat cases assigned to them by their staff.

The Mayos' Patients.

A glimpse into the offices reveals a motley crowd. Millionaire and pauper, plebeian and prince, have left differences of rank without, and joined the army of human sufferers in search of health. Wealth, fame, social position, make no difference here. The man without a dollar receives the same helping hand as the one with the big bank account. The Mayos have given their lives to relieving the physical sufferings of humanity, and the door of hope has never closed upon a man because he could not pay. Some time ago a woman, who had had a cancer removed, asked what she owed.

"Seventy-five dollars," she was told. "Well, doctor, here is twenty-five—all the money I have; but I have a cow at home, and I will sell it, and send you what I get for it. The rest I will pay as soon as I can earn it."

Dr. William Mayo excused himself and stepped into an adjoining office. Returning, he handed the woman two slips of paper—one a receipted bill, the other a cheque for seventy-five dollars.

The Mayos believe in honesty and frankness. One patient's case had been diagnosed as something not even akin to tuberculosis, but the first stroke of the knife revealed the dread disease. Dr. Mayo at once stopped the operation, went into the waiting-room to the patient's husband, acknowledged the mistake in diagnosis, explained the seriousness of the case, and asked what to do. He was told to go ahead, and the woman lived.

Optimistic, these surgeons always see the bright side. If there is but one chance, and that hinges upon the success of an operation, they will take that chance. Their smile and hearty greeting to the convalescent give encouragement; their daily visit to each room of the hospital lessens the tediousness of the day, and brings hope of ultimate recovery. It is a part of their system.

"Why in the world don't you go to New York?" James J. Hill, the railroad magnate once asked them. "Why in the world should we go to New York?" replied Dr. William Mayo. "We have all we can do now." True it is, they have reached the limit of their powers, and still every train brings its load of sufferers to seek their aid. Realizing this, they have under them two younger surgeons, Drs. E. Starr Judd and E. H. Beckman, and these men have shown exceptional skill in surgical work. The Mayo brothers are thoroughly democratic men. They scorn notoriety and abhor publicity. They will

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not speak to a layman about their professional achievements. In the little Western city in which they have grown from mischievous boys to eminent surgeons, they are familiarly known as "Dr. Will" and "Dr. Charlie." They love their home town, and find time to join with its citizens at the banquet board, or to discuss with them questions of civic concern. A beautiful public park bears their name, and nearly seventy-five thousand dollars was their gift for its maintenance last year.

Their daily routine is a strenuous one. At eight o'clock in the morning they are at the hospital, and at half-past eight in the operating room. Operations continue until one o'clock. At two they are at their office for consultation, and not until six do they seek the quietude of their homes. Demands are constantly made upon them for addresses before medical societies or classes, and the night trains are always used to save time. Their chief recreation is automobile, and in this they are both ardent enthusiasts.

These masters of surgery are still young men. What the future has in store for their life's activities, the god of health to which the army of pain will journey.

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SUBCONSCIOUS MEMORY

Recent physiological investigation has made it certain that everything the child sees or hears, is "subconsciously" remembered by him, and may at times exercise a determining influence upon the whole course of his life.—The American Magazine.

There is no manner of doubt about it; the thing is "certain." It is a scientific fact founded on the sure basis of law, as testified by recent investigation of psychological phenomena. This law of "latent energy" is, as we shall see, one of strong significance to every man and woman, and more especially to every mother and father. It is not so very long ago that child life was by very many people considered too frivolous a subject for serious consideration. Children's "silly grates, petulant fancies, and trifling pursuits," it was thought were not worthy of a moment's attention. Happily, things are now very different. Their thoughts and feelings, their words and habits and impulses are no longer trifling incidents, but the definite expressions of distinct, scientific laws of deep import, and of absorbing interest to the earnest student of mental science.

It is not our present purpose, however, to attempt any critical examination of the modern theories taught by the advanced school of American scientists, all we desire to do here is simply to state one or two facts which are universally admitted, and to which we refer very briefly in what way these varieties ought to affect the daily conduct of every adult member of the community.

Now, somewhere in the body of every child, the Creator has placed what we call a Mind. The word is of O. E. origin, and bears more than a dozen interpretations. A name so rich in variety of applications is an indication that the thing so named must be in a high degree remarkable. And such is pre-eminently the case here. We know not what the mind is, nor where precisely it is located in the human frame. We know that it is immaterial, and that it is the source of all human power. But as it is impossible to see it, we can only study it, like electricity, by means of its operations. In their helplessness and ignorance men have been compelled to talk of the mind in a variety of figures of speech. "Train up a child," says one; "Educate the mind," says another; "Cultivate the faculties," says a third; whilst another speaks of "making an impression," and so on; each expression indicating a distinctly different conception of what the mind is—in fact, comparison is our

only resource.

But we must proceed. Whatever else may be the capability of this wonderful possession one of its chief characteristics is its receptivity. Indeed, its power to receive and retain impressions is believed to be almost infinite. And here we touch upon this great law of "latent energy." Nothing is ever lost, all is faithfully treasured up, and stored away in the secret recesses of the child's mind, and (note this) becomes unconsciously, an integral part of the child's character. The child has personally little to do with the process—the beating of his own heart the thing is done automatically. The records of the graphophone are wonderful, but those of the human mind are a hundred times more marvellous. Such is the teaching of science.

And do we see nothing in all this of the nature of admonition. This wonderful possession of the innocent child with a receptivity of infinitely more sensitiveness than the most delicate plate ever put into the photographer's camera, is exposed to our influence on every hand, and in multitudinous profusion. Whatever you do, whatever you say, whatever you are in the presence of a child, we repeat, it is all stored away deep down in the vaults of that child's mind, to be duly brought forth—when? and where? This is no fancy, it is unchangeable law. Scarcely a day passes that we do not hear of some strange case in proof of the universality of this law. We can quote but one. A young, uneducated servant girl in a clergyman's family was taken ill, and during her delirium was heard talking in an unknown language. The clergyman, who was a scholar, being summoned to the room, listened anxiously and soon discovered that the girl was repeating Hebrew quite fluently. After her recovery, her master ascertained on enquiry that she had resided for some months in a Jewish family, where the Hebrew prayers used daily had, unknown to herself, been duly received upon the memory tablets of her mind, and "subconsciously" remembered. Space forbids further amplification.

In conclusion we cannot do better than quote the words of Phillips Brooks, who says: "He who helps a child helps humanity with a distinctness, with an immediateness, which no other help given to human creature in any other stage of their human life can possibly give again." Finally, let the millstone penalty be an everlasting warning to be only our very best selves before youth and its inexperience. **GEORGE BOWKER,** Edmonton, May 27.

NOTE AND COMMENT

(Continued from Page 1.)

utive days of rest for all employees in every seven would be good business, the plant for the past year has been closed down every Friday night and not reopened again until Monday morning. This has been done without shortening the week's working time, which is 48 hours, the working day being lengthened to nine and a half hours and the pay left as it was before.

The result is that both company and employees are reported to be well satisfied. Two days of complete relaxation from work, so we are told, has resulted in a healthier and happier set of workmen and workwomen, many of whom having taken advantage of the off days to go in for gardening, moving out into the suburbs for this purpose. Men and women who, under the old six-day work plan had little or no ambition outside of the daily grind of the shop and office, are now taking an interest in other things, the extra day off having given them an incentive to diversify their activities, and the result being that they have attained to a broader and healthier viewpoint of life.

However, the idea is simply an expansion of one that we have in our own mind. In the city printing offices in Alberta, a Saturday afternoon half-holiday is in existence throughout the year, the working week being, as in the Philadelphia case, forty-eight hours. That the whole day off is better than only the half day we are inclined to doubt. Work in the morning hours never did anyone any harm and such advantage as there is in whole day free is more than offset, it seems to us, by the longer strain during the five days. It is a nice psychological point, however.

In a recent speech Hon. Winston Churchill called attention to what is unquestionably a great evil. Referring to the question of unemployment, Mr. Churchill said he discerned, as the greatest of all the evils which tended not merely to unemployment, but to the degradation of the unemployed, the conditions of boy labor, and the defective and insufficient training which young persons received after they left school. The great mass of the children of the country when they left school, found themselves able to get a job, and very often a variety of jobs, moving from one to the other with great rapidity, earning money which was very welcome in the family, but earning it by work which left them after three or four precious years without any opening to a permanent career. They were all agreed that after school age young persons who had not yet grown up, ought to be learning as well as earning—and that boy labor must never be looked upon by any nation that wished to remain strong and healthy as a cheap substitute for man's labor.

Stories from England.

A collection of pictures, valued at over £17,000, and containing examples of the work of Sidney Cooper, Sir E. Landseer, Briton Riviere and Copley Fielding, has been left to the Manchester Whitworth Institute by Mr. G. F. Cox, a well known antiquary.

The Duke of Bedford will offer the Great Farm (430 acres) at Maulden, near Amptthill, Bedfordshire, for sale in small holdings, varying from 43 acres to one acre. To holdings of ten acres and upwards will be attached rights of common in 28 acres of pasture, set aside for the purpose and included in the purchase. The purchase money of the land will be met by annual payments, calculated on strictly business and actuarial principles. Purchasers desirous of erecting a house and homestead will be advanced money up to £500 on the larger holdings, subject to approval of the plans of the proposed buildings.

The Metropolitan Water Board has adopted a new scheme to provide for the needs of the London water supply up to 1941, at a cost of £6,200,000. The scheme, which will be completed in stages spread over twenty years, includes the construction throughout the Thames Valley of huge reservoirs sufficient to hold in 1916 a thirty days' supply for the population of London at that date.

The West Indian banana trade is growing so rapidly that two new steamers, costing £160,000, have been ordered by Messrs. Elder and Fryer, who already have ten ships engaged in bringing bananas to England. Each ship has a crew of fifty and carries some 2,000 tons of coal per voyage.

It was stated at the inquest held at Barnsley, on Joseph Pitchforth and Annie Quilch, his sweetheart, who committed suicide together, that the man lost his employment twelve months ago by neglecting it to go to a football match, and had not obtained regular work since.

Henry Watterson on Newspaper Ideals

The Great American Journalist Delivers an Address at Toronto.

One of the leading events of the past week in Canada has been the visit to Toronto of Henry Watterson, the great American newspaper man, who addressed the Canadian Press Association on "The Press." His remarks were of a most notable character and have made a deep and lasting impression, particularly his references to the ideals of the press and its mission. Appended are Mr. Watterson's remarks and some editorial comment thereon:

Mr. Watterson's Address

"I used to think I was quite a veteran in the business until I met Sir Mackenzie Bowell, but now I feel I'm just a kid," said Col. Watterson, in commencing. "He tells me he started in the business in 1835, whereas I didn't start till 1856, twenty-one years later." Continuing, he told of how he first "toyed with the types" on a little paper in a Tennessee village, working at everything in turn, from galley boy to leader writer.

Prefers the Impersonal Note

"I am not an advocate of personal journalism," he said. "I began my career as a devotee of impersonal journalism, attached to the broad columns and the air of deep mystery of the London Journals. For a long time I did conceal my personality behind a greater one, that of my chief, George D. Prentice, until he died. Then people thought the paper was dead, and that the young man who succeeded him was worse than dead—rotten. So in self-defence I had to prove that I was alive. I was dragged by the hair of my head into the limelight, and there I have been ever since."

"The press of New York suffers from absentee landlordism," he declared. "The great owners all live abroad, and the staffs are continually being changed until three or four years is now considered a long tenure as head of a great department." Col. Watterson told an amusing story in illustration of the difficulties created by the absentee owners. Three or four reporters sent out to get a report of a society function and denied admittance, repaired to an hotel and concocted a report from their imaginations. It turned out to be outrageously untrue, and an indignant letter was sent by the injured parties to Mr. Bennett of the New York Herald. Mr. Bennett, being in Paris sent for copies of the Tribune and other papers. An identical report being in their columns, he threw the letter of protest into the waste paper basket and felt annoyed at the sender.

Disliked Yellow Journalism

The speaker expressed his abhorrence of the kind of journalism that proclaims "the scoop" to be the thing, and that has no appreciation for the efficient, orderly and unexaggerated report of the day's events.

"We hear a great deal about yellow journalism. It is much like the pot calling the kettle black. Offences against decency are more or less real and qualified. More and more will newspaper owners and makers discover that integrity and cleanliness pay the best dividends. The scandal-monger will, in time, be relegated to the category of the unprosperous as well as the disreputable, and the desire to drive out of the news paper service, where he should have no place, to the company of the police, where he alone belongs. We can as little expect that each newspaper worker shall be a gentleman as that each lawyer and each doctor shall be a gentleman; but many conduct and aspiration should fix the rule, the brutal and vulgar the exception, the journalist brand no less accepted and honorable than that of physic, divinity and jurisprudence."

"The newspaper is the history of yesterday. It is made to stand, assuredly, but it is a commodity like dry goods, pork and beans, hardware and cutlery. It may not care to have any opinions. But in case it does, it should seek and aim to be a keeper of the public conscience, and example and counselor, not a corner groceryman; level of head and kindly of heart, upright and elevated, always sincere and truthful, avoiding, as it would avoid pestilence and famine, the character of a common scold."

The Good Old Days

"The leading editorial, whose disappearance is predicted and whose decline is obvious, has suffered more by the transition process from the personal to the impersonal. There was exhilaration in pistols and coffee. The duello was more interesting and less expensive than the libel suit. The good old times of gun play are, alas! no more. If a gentleman nowadays shoots another gentleman twelve times, most of us have to work for a living, and some of us even to

be trained to it. I do not wonder that the wooden-utemg affair in 'big type,' which, for the most part, declares the editorial page, as it is called, having nobody behind it, and neither continuity or purpose, nor the spirit of intellectual rectitude and accountability, has fallen into discredit. It might as well be dispensed with. It is no longer an effective nor an engaging arm of the service. But the nationals of the day's doings, rendered with good sense and in good faith by a self-respecting, conscientious writer, will always command attention and be worth its space. But it must be absolutely disinterested and genuine, recognized no matter how mistaken, as honest, not to be bought by patronage nor bullied because cowardly and afraid."

Newspaper Ideals

"In a word, I do not think the newspaper should consider itself as a public prosecutor; rather the personal representative, friend and neighbor of good men and good women, pouring in upon the community the sunshine of heaven, not kindling and stirring the fires of hell; its aim and end, first and last all the time, to enlighten and to brighten, to radiate and to warm, not to embitter, to browbeat and to dazzle."

The speaker paid a tribute to the "quiet, unobtrusive men, in warm sympathy with the people," who under present conditions, are the real conductors of the modern press, whom he praised by comparison with "the brilliant, showy, dazzling, vain and selfish men," who were usually evolved under the old regime.

An Editorial View

"The Toronto Globe this week under the head 'Newspapermen' and the 'Press,' had the following editorial article:

"The man in the street is always ready to discuss with the man from the club the functions of the Press and to dogmatize on how newspaper should be managed. Almost any college professor or politician or preacher with any knowledge of the business can present a full Decalogue of journalistic ethics and frame an indictment against the whole craft. This readiness of judgment on the part of outsiders adds interest to the opinions of men in the profession when they talk among themselves of the things pertaining to their calling. For this reason the annual meeting of the Canadian Press Association now in session in Toronto is of peculiar public interest."

The presence of that conspicuous figure in American journalism, Colonel Henry Watterson, would in itself make this year's meeting notable, but more significant still was his insistence on the ethical fundamentals as absolutely necessary if the Press is to be either permanently profitable as a business or truly influential as an institution in the life of the country. His protest against any newspaper posturing as a detective for the discovery of crime, as an attorney for its prosecution, or as a scavenger for the general collection of social garbage was approved by every responsible journalist present. His declaration that every journalist must keep unseared his sense of responsibility to his own conscience as a man of honor to whose service he is pledged suggested the secret of his own power and achievements in the Journalism and life of the United States. His experience as a party journalist with a record in fighting the evil-doers in his own political party was of interest and instruction to the increasing number of newspaper men in Canada who are willing to be the allies of political causes, but who will not be the henchmen of discredited or self-seeking politicians.

It is true that the day of "personal" journalism is past or is passing, but there never was a day when a great personality counted for more than now or was more useful in newspaper leadership on this continent. By the quality of their thinking, by the strength of their convictions, and by their persistent devotion to the ideals of service the men who make a newspaper give to their journal an individuality, secure for it a constituency, and build up for it a tradition which is at once its chief asset as a commercial undertaking and the source of its influence as a leader of opinion. New conditions bring new duties, but under all conditions the elements of power are personal. The frank recognition of these ethical essentials and their unstrained emphasis gave ground for optimism as to the future of the Press which the veterans of the craft confessed to be which is the newest recruit was an incentive and an inspiration. For the Press of Canada the best is yet to be.

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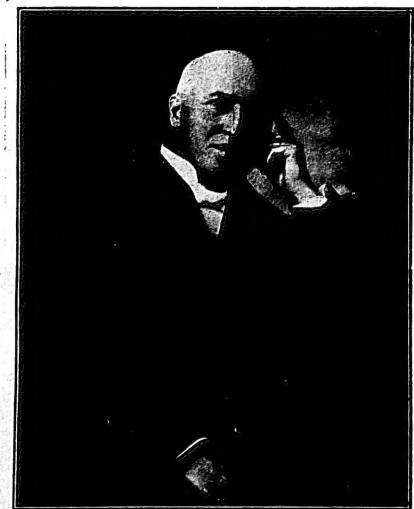
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